

## QUEER MARINE ANIMAL

The "Portuguese man-of-war" is a Veritable Fairy Ship.

The "Portuguese man-of-war" is held to be one of the most beautiful of all the so-called pelagic animals and is a veritable fairy ship, with sail that can be elevated or lowered, that can throw out a dredge or haul it in—in short, one of the most attractive of all marine animals and at the same time one of the most dangerous.

This little animal has been called a "poem in satin," yet it conceals under its attractive exterior an armament that is capable of overpowering a foe of a thousand times its size. In fact, the phylla stands in the same relation to many other marine animals of its size as a well fitted torpedo submarine boat would to an old line of battle ship of the Constitution class.

If one but touch the purple tentacles a realizing sense of this power is at once experienced. The finger stings as if needles had been thrust into it, and when the tentacles are placed upon a spot where the flesh is sensitive the pain can only be compared to that produced by melted lead or boiling oil. One scientist nearly lost his life in an engagement with the little craft. The man had a habit of swimming on his side, an unfortunate habit in this case, inasmuch as his view to the right was obstructed when one day he swam over the tentacles of a large "man-of-war." He was in about seven feet of water, and the contact immediately gave the swimmer such a shock that he almost lost the power of motion and sank.

As he struck bottom with his feet he pushed up and partially recovered himself—sufficiently at least to call for help. Some laborers at work near by sprang into the water and carried him ashore. By that time he could breathe only with extreme difficulty, this being the most serious symptom. The purple mass was scraped from the skin with knives and razors, but it seemed to have sunk into the flesh. For six or seven months afterward he could very readily have passed for a tattooed man, the entire middle and lower portion of his body being covered with the most fanciful tracings.—Harper's.

## WHITE WINGED PEACE.

A Great Scheme For Averting Wars In the Future.

Writing on the difficulties of putting an end to war, F. P. Dunne says in the Metropolitan:

It is an interesting theory that it is not tough minded old statesmen who drive tender youth to war. It is youth itself which tugs on the leash and pulls the unwilling statesmen. We can well believe that this is so. The courage of youth is pure fearlessness. The young are not afraid of death. They regard as something that cannot possibly happen to them. They apprehend it intellectually, but they do not feel it; hence we propose to our fellow peace commissioners this plan for averting wars in future.

In nearly every country there is a maximum of age limit for enlistment or conscription. It is in the neighborhood of forty years. Now, why, in the interests of peace, would it not be well to make a minimum age limit instead? Suppose we say that on the first call only men over sixty could be drafted, and on the second only men over fifty, and on the third only men over forty, and no man under forty could be permitted to fight.

How long then would wars continue? The first call would be answered by a storm of doctor's certificates, the second by the prompt suspension of all banks, and on the third call a body of resolute patriots who had long been conscious that death regarded them wistfully would proceed at once to the palace or White House or ministry of foreign affairs and lynch the king, president or minister who proposed this outrage on civilization.

## Napoleon on Shakespeare.

Napoleon had a very poor opinion of Shakespeare's plays. According to Thibaudeau, in his "Bonaparte and Consulate," Napoleon said one day: "Shakespeare was forgotten even by the English for 200 years until Voltaire took it into his head to write him up to please his English friends, and ever since people have gone about repeating that Shakespeare was the greatest author that ever lived. I have read him, and there is nothing in him that approaches Corneille or Racine. His plays are not worth reading."

## Too Late!

"Do you know who her grandfather was? Have you ascertained anything in regard to her pedigree? Those are things you ought to know about the woman you are to make your wife."  
"Oh, hang her grandfather!"  
"My boy, that's just what they did do."—Youth's Companion.

## He Didn't Understand.

"Then you don't want no cranberries?"  
"No, I've changed my mind. I see your cat is asleep in those cranberries."

"That's all right, mum; I don't mind waking the cat up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Justice.

Justice claims what is due, polity what is seemly; justice weighs and decides, polity surveys and orders; justice refers to the individual, polity to the community.—Goethe.

A Hint That He Should Beat It.  
Staylate (at 11:45 a. m.)—The light is going out.  
Miss Weary. Are you going to let it beat you?—Boston Transcript.



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## DEALING IN STOCKS.

Know What You Are Buying Before Investing Your Money.

We hear of fortunes quickly made in Wall street, of miners who have accumulated enormous wealth by a lucky strike, of inventions that have made inventors rich. But how many of these instances are there? Just a few, while countless thousands and hundreds of thousands have lost everything in unsuccessful ventures.

The prosperous, successful man or woman is the one who buys with knowledge of what he or she is buying, whether it be a piece of beef, a dozen of eggs, a horse, a horse or stocks and bonds.

Money has been made in Wall street and will continue to be made. Those who buy stocks when they sell low and sell them when they advance must make money. The operation is no different from buying a house or a farm at a bargain and selling it at a profit. But one should exercise just as much care in one transaction as in the other.

Have nothing to do with those who offer glittering opportunities to get rich quickly. This will save your money. It may sound very nice to say that one owns a thousand shares of a gold, silver or copper mine with a par value of \$10,000 and that cost the holder only \$50 or \$100. But what use is such a certificate unless it has real value? Better put the \$50 or \$100 in one share of a dividend paying stock and be satisfied with moderate returns and a moderate profit on any advance the stock may enjoy.—Leslie's.

## CONVEX LENS OF THE EYE.

A Burning Glass That Adjusts the Sight to Varying Distances.

One of the manifold wonders of the human eye is the convex lens with which the focal distances of sight are made instantly and without mental effort. This lens in the eye is a literal "burning glass," as the small boy styles the glass lens with which he focuses the sun's rays and sets fire to a piece of paper. Just in this sense, too, is the lens of the eye a literal burning glass, as may be shown by the simplest of experiments.

Let the person at midday hold a straw against the face of the sun and focus his eyes on the straw. He can look at the straw, with its background of a dazzling sun, and without discomfort. But the moment he looks at the fiery ball of the sun itself, subconsciously the lens of the eye comes to its proper focus, with the result that a "burning" sun spot appears on the retina of the eye, and it is said that a few seconds of such looking would burn out the retina as if by fire itself.

In the subconscious adaptability of the eye lens to adapt itself to different distances lies its value to the human sight. The man with a camera adjusts the focus of his lenses by sliding them forward and back. The lenses of the human eye, by changing their curvatures, allow of one looking at fine print six inches from his nose and in a fraction of a second to look up and away, probably fifty miles to a mountain peak that in an instant is in true camera focus.—Pittsburgh Press.

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## A DROP OF WATER.

There Are Times When It May Become a Source of Real Terror.

The fear of silence and loneliness not seldom attracts burly miners who, for that reason, refuse to work alone in distant drifts. In China the very refinement of torture is to confine a condemned criminal in a place where sound cannot reach him and over the plank to which he is bound to place a vessel of water, so regulated that once every few moments a single drop shall fall upon his brow. There is no light and no sound to distract his attention, and the thoughts of the poor wretch become so concentrated on the expectation of the next drop of water that when it falls it seems to strike him with the impact of a bomb, and reason cannot long withstand the strain. In his book, "In Lotus Land—Japan," Mr. H. G. Ponting says he came to understand the strange dread of silence through an experience in a California mine at midnight.

Five hundred feet into the crust of the earth I went and felt no new sensations—except one of disappointment as the shaft echoed with my footsteps—400 feet, 700 feet, 800 feet and the bottom of the mine.

But as I stood there a creepy feeling came over me. What was this consciousness that suddenly oppressed me and made my blood seem chilled? I had felt nothing like it before. My candle gave but a feeble glimmer, and I found myself peering furtively into the shadows with a feeling almost akin to dread. All at once I knew it was the silence—the immense, oppressive silence. Hitherto when I had been down in the mine there had always been the regular beating of the hammers on the drills. Now there was nothing but thick, velvety silence.

Then a sudden sound, like the crack of a stock whip, put every sense on the alert. Was I not alone, then, after all? In a moment the instinct of self preservation reminded me that I was unarmed. Who could be down here at this hour, and what could he be doing? Had I been followed? Without a weapon I was at the mercy of any ruffian. All this rushed through my brain in a moment, and as I tried to pierce the shadows my candle only served to make the darkness visible. Another crack, almost like a pistol shot, and then enlightenment and relief flashed upon me. It was nothing but a drop of water falling from the hanging wall in the sump below, yet in this dread silence it struck with almost the noise of a fulminating cap.

## ONCE A WIDE CANAL.

Broad Street, New York, Where the Curb Brokers Now Operate.

The curb brokers of New York, who now operate on Broad street, would have been forced to conduct their business from gondolas or canal boats had they made use of that thoroughfare in early days, for where solid pavement now stands there was a wide canal.

Many people nowadays, wandering through the narrow streets of lower Manhattan, have wondered at Broad street's unusual width. Still more peculiar was such breadth of thoroughfare in the olden times, when streets were nearly all narrow, and to distinguish it from the alley-like byways that surrounded it the thoroughfare was referred to as "the broad street." The Dutch called it the "Heere Graft." (The latter word had a far different meaning in those days.) It was not at first a street, but the principal canal of the city. This canal, wide enough for heavy boats to pass each other, ran into Broad street at the southern end and continued north almost to Wall street. A similar but smaller canal ran through Beaver street.

Peter Stuyvesant in 1657 had the canal's sides planked, and a few decades later the waters were gradually replaced by a street.

As that street perforce followed the canal's former lines, it was much the widest thoroughfare in all lower Manhattan and well merited its name of Broad street. Had New York real estate been worth one-twentieth as much then as at present Broad street would probably have been shaved down to the width of Nassau or Wall street.—New York World.

## A Romance Shattered.

An Atchison young lady is trying to discipline her little brother has a habit of crying, "Now, don't you dare to do that or I'll have a fit." The little brother confided to one of his sister's admirers the other night that there were lots of things he couldn't do "because," he said, "you know sister has fits." Now the young lady is wondering why her most ardent suitor has not been near her for two whole weeks.—Atchison Globe.

## Went Through.

"And you were in that horrible railway accident?"

"Yes."  
"I hear that one train completely telescoped the other. How did you ever escape injury?"

"I was on the through train."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Two Methods.

When a man has to get busy he rolls up his shirt sleeves. When a woman really gets down to work she ties up her hair in a knot at the back.—Detroit Free Press.

## Economics.

Kaicker—Does Jones understand the purchasing power of a dollar? Bocker—Yes. What troubles him is the purchasing power of his wife.—New York Sun.

Give me a seat and I will make room for you.—Spanish

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